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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY 1941 NUMBER 9



SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

BY ALAN THOMPSON

Awarded the Carnegie Institute Prize in the Thirty-first Annual
Exhibition of Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

(See Page 259)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV NUMBER 9
FEBRUARY 1941

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!

—HAMLET

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

DR. BRASHEAR'S BIOGRAPHY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I read with great gratification the review of "John Alfred Brashear," by Harriet Gaul and myself in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for January. That you who knew "Uncle John," and whose judgment is acknowledged in the literary world, liked it is almost about all one can ask.

—RUBY EISEMAN

DEAR CARNEGIE:

. . . What you say of Brashear in the review in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for January is very interesting and important, adding greatly to anyone's information about him, over and above the book. I was interested that you call him an astronomer, for we avoided that title, knowing well the jealousy of educated men in the field for one who rose from the mills. In fact, we already have seen a letter of correction and reproof sent to the press by an eastern correspondent in which he says that it is well known that Brashear took credit to himself for work done by others. As we feel quite the opposite to be the truth, and as you are with us on that, we are quite out of patience with the writer, but we were warned beforehand that we would get criticism, no matter how exact we were. Thank you again.

—HARRIET A. GAUL

DEAR CARNEGIE:

. . . Was it intentional or only a coincidence that the opposite page to the sketch about Dr. Brashear was all about Pittsburgh glass? I well remember Dr. Brashear's interest in the making of glass in this country, hoping that some day we would not have to depend on France and Germany for telescope lenses. He especially looked to the Bureau of Standards and to attempts made at Washington, Pennsylvania. You will remember the Allegheny Observatory had to wait twelve years before a lens could be secured for the Thaw Memorial Telescope.

—MARTHA HOYT

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY

But the light continues to shine as before from age to age to guide upon the true path of progress the ship of Triumphant Democracy, freighted with the richest experience, the ripest knowledge, the deepest wisdom, the brightest hopes, the highest aspirations, the magnificent destiny of Man.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE DISCRIMINATING READER

He alone reads history aright, who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men, how often vices pass into virtues, and paradoxes into axioms, learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature from what is essential and immutable.

—MACAULAY

COMMENTS ON THE EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS OF PITTSBURGH

BY NORWOOD MACGILVARY

*Associate Professor, Department of Painting and Design,
Carnegie Institute of Technology*



BECAUSE the reviewer knows personally many of the exhibitors, including most of the prize winners, in the Associated Artists Exhibition, he feels that it would be difficult to avoid the imputation of bias

Any such comments would, after all, express the personal opinion of the writer, for which he claims no more authority than another has the right to claim; and would besides be in conflict with his ideas of art criticism.

It is his long-held belief that in the appraisal of paintings and other works of art too much weight has been given—especially by the layman—to what is said in words about them by critics and experts, and even by the artists themselves; and not nearly enough to what is said in quite another language directly to the viewer through his own eyes. If art has a language of its own—if it is a language, as it is pretty universally con-

—even if he could avoid bias itself—if he were to comment on the work of individuals. Artists are perhaps even more critical of other artists' work than

the public is, and are no less reluctant to voice in private their approval or disapproval of it than people in general are to express their personal opinions about their collaborators in their own lines of work. But the artist is no more eager than others are to rush into print with his criticisms of acquaintances and friends. Fortunately for this reviewer, he does not think it at all necessary for him to do so here.



BACK OF ISALY'S BY ABE WEINER
Association's First Honor and Award

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I. H. P.—120 H. P. BY CARL A. WALBERG
Association's Second Honor and Award

ceded to be—it should be allowed to do more of its own talking. In accepting the opinion of somebody else—even though this somebody is an authority on something or other—the layman is getting his art at second hand, and through a translation at that. He is getting it only by hearsay and rumor; because what a painting says cannot be said again clearly in words. If a work of art doesn't say anything in its own language, or do anything by its own energy, directly and personally to you, it isn't worth your bother.

It is better to get something positive and direct from a poor picture, than something negative and roundabout from a good one. It isn't going to do anybody any serious harm to like some work of art which somebody has characterized as poor, in spite of what the esthetes may say about it—at least it is going to do

less harm than not to like anything at all, or to pretend to like something only because someone else insists that it must be liked.

A painting is not like a problem in mathematics which can be proved right or wrong, or a laboratory experiment that may clinch or refute an hypothesis in physics. The problem of a work of art, aside from the merely technical means it employs, and in so far as it may be said to have a scientific phase at all, is a problem of the psychology of emotion, which, in spite of real achievements, is still a

very inexact science.

It is true that a work which has survived and has continued to stir people's emotions after years or centuries, has much presumptive evidence in its favor; so that one may safely say that such a work has the kind of power over people's emotions that is peculiar to art. Yet even this isn't the whole of it. May



SUMMER STORM BY LOUISE PERSHING
Ida Smith Memorial Prize

there not be some art that exerts a powerful influence for only a short time? Can we say that such has no art-power, simply because its power, though intense, is not sustained? A bolt of lightning has a very high voltage, and can affect profoundly what it strikes, though it lasts for only a fraction of a second. Yet we do not deny its power. The power to infatuate may not be a sustained power, but it may work great changes while it lasts. Any art that affects people pro-

foundly, even though briefly, is usually dismissed as of little consequence. Should it not, however, be conceded to have some kind of real power? Fashions in art, as in hats, are often quickly superseded by other fashions, yet while they last they affect life, and contribute something to it, even if it is no more than gaiety or variety.

A lecturer recently characterized a certain painting in the International Exhibition as "great." Perhaps its power over him was such as to warrant his use of such an adjective. It had very little power over some of the rest of us. It might be better to hold in reserve such extravagant adjectives as "great," "most important," and so on, to be used with extreme caution. Who is keen enough in perception and prescience to say whether a contemporary work is great or not? And if the work has no power over us, to call it great, or important, is of no consequence, beyond its tendency to irritate those who are, for whatever reason, not affected by what it has to say.



WALT'S PLACE BY SAMUEL ROSENBERG

Martin Leisser School of Design Prize

This writer is convinced that there is a hunger felt by most people for a more direct participation in art. Though art is explicit in comparatively few people, it is implicit in the natures of most. Many would like to share in its creative processes, at least to the extent of responding to them. To share in fact they must be allowed freedom of response. They must not be continually squelched and told that they respond to the wrong stimulus, or fail to respond to the right. That will kill any kind of natural response, until these art-loving average people will become discouraged, or else become as hardened and bored as some artists and some critics. Give them the privilege of picking their own art without having to endure the pity and the condescension of those who arrogate to themselves more authority than they are entitled to by any mandate we have ever heard of.

It is quite true that some artistic reputations have been quickly built up by little more than the spoken and written word. But if these structures are



ABOVE THE RIVER BY ROY HILTON
Art Society of Pittsburgh Prize

supported by nothing more substantial than these verbal foundations they will inevitably collapse. They are only temporary novelty-structures which will be replaced by those with stronger foundations that can resist the tremors and shocks of fashion.

Since this is presumably a review of an exhibition, the reader may be saying with impatience, "Why not get down to the business in hand?" As far as this reviewer is concerned, the business in hand is, not to air his opinions of specific works, but to make it clear that each and every visitor to the galleries is cordially invited to do this job for himself; that he is urged to exercise his rightful privilege of response or rejection, with the courage of his own preferences, unhampered by anything this writer or anyone else may assert to the contrary. The reviewer ought to be a host, or perhaps a matchmaker, rather than an exacting parent, or a meddlesome, bossy busybody. He should not try to dictate, or compel admiration between his guests, but ought rather to make it easy for them to get acquainted, and to offer the opportunity for love to come if it will. If it does not come immediately and at first sight, perhaps

there is a more natural affinity waiting on the next wall, or in the next gallery. After all, art and love are much akin, and derive from the same original sources of human emotion. Here in America young people are accustomed to a free hand in the selection of their social and personal affinities; but too many have been cowed into surrendering this privilege when it comes to the selection of affinities in art. The purpose of this writer is to encourage the reclaiming and the exercising of this right.

Now having come, as we hope you will come, to the gallery in the Carnegie Institute, which is your gallery, you are ready to get acquainted, or perhaps to renew your acquaintance, with the art that has been produced by the artists of your own locality. Please do not let the fact that the origin of this art is local prejudice you against it. Pittsburgh has been accused of being a city which lacks confidence in its own esthetic judgment, and has to be reassured in its estimate of its own talent by the previous sponsorship of New York, London, or Paris. That is regrettable, if true. Many of our local artists are thought well of in



SHARECROPPERS BY ROBERT GWATHMEY
Association's Water-Color Prize

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other localities more remote. Any product—even if it is only by an unhonored prophet—has to have some local origin somewhere. The fact that its origin is near, rather than far, should not be held against it.

All the remarks made above concerning the desirability that each visitor shall base his judgments on evidence gathered from the inspection of the original sources—the works of art themselves—are meant to apply equally to prizes. The awarding of prizes involves comparatives and superlatives. It is often more difficult to decide between good, better, and best, than to choose merely between good and bad. Many artists believe that prizes make invidious and unjustifiable distinctions which cannot be proven, and that they should therefore be abolished. Purely personal preferences, individual tastes, as well as general points of view here hold greater sway. The jury of award—the same in this case as the jury of selection—were women of distinction in art, with definitely formed habits of thought, as well as of work. Consciously or unconsciously each has doubtless evolved a more or less settled philosophy of art



STONE STEPS BY NORMAN LEE

Charles J. Rosenbloom Water-Color Award according to which her specific judgments are made.

It frequently happens that a work receiving an award does not represent the real preference of any single juror, but happens to be the only work which a majority can accept as a compromise. It may sometimes, too, represent a surrender of the majority opinion to that of one dominating personality on the jury. We do not in the least mean to hint that either was the case in the present awards. On the contrary, it seems to this reviewer that in many, though not all, of the awards the decisions were very fair indeed, and that even the exceptions may well be laid to the personal prejudices of the reviewer himself. The public complaint, often heard, that prizes are awarded for esoteric or technical reasons, for which only the professional artist alone need have concern, is doubtless valid in some cases. But here we believe that the true art amateur, as well as the average person who likes art, can find sufficient justification in purely visual qualities—call it



MARCH DAY BY LILLIE ARMOUR
Jeannette Jena's Water-Color Prize
in Memory of Marcus Rauh

interest, or beauty, or what you will. This jury does not seem to have gone out of its way—as some juries, seemingly bored or irritated by any display of professional competence, have gone—to select works which showed little, if any, discoverable skill or craftsmanship, either in design, drawing, color, or conception, but appeared to have preferred a fumbling naïveté because it seemed sincere or fresh.

On the contrary, many of the present prize-winners show enough technical competence to satisfy any craftsman.

Again, in commenting on prizes, the present review is purposely vague and general, because it is intended to en-



U. S. ROUTE 22 BY JAMES JOHN FISHER
Christian J. Walter Memorial Award

courage every visitor to the galleries to be his own jury of award as well as his own jury of selection. Let each freely award the prize of his own approval to whatever work is able to evoke his greatest responses. But in doing this it will do him no harm to give at least respectful attention to what the jury has had to say by their selections. If he is unable to agree with the jury, he need not abandon his own preferences, but he might well try to discover just wherein the differences lie, and weigh the jury's opinion against his own.

Since we have given away certain trade secrets as they apply to juries of award, we may as well go a little further and give away some more secrets about the jury of selection. Excepting certain jury-exempt privileges—one to each member who has been accepted by a jury every year for ten years—which the Associated Artists grant as a reward for long service, as it were, every work in the exhibition has been selected from entries totaling over five hundred in number. Roughly speaking, for every work accepted one was rejected. The time allotted for this selective and weeding-out process was four hours.



OLD APPLE BY WILFRED A. READIO
School of Design Alumnae Prize
in Memory of Martin Leisser

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The rest of the jury's time was devoted to the awards. This means that of the five hundred entries, each, on the average, received twenty-eight seconds of the jury's attention—less than half a minute. Considering that much more time than this was taken up in debates on certain entries, and in general discussions, the actual time devoted to most of them was very much less. In this case there was no revision of rejected entries. When once ruled out, they were out for good.

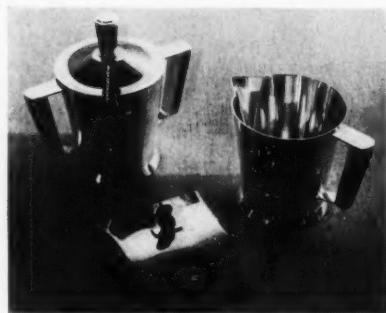
We spoke of art with an instantaneous appeal as contrasted with that whose power is felt only by degrees. It is obvious that only the instantaneous variety could here have made any impression on a juror limited to a few seconds' exposure. The jury had either to be struck by lightning, or fail to feel any electric charges whatever from the picture. Even a prize fighter before being counted out has at least had some

chance in previous rounds to impress his ability upon his opponent and upon the judges. These rejected pictures had no such chance.

Does anybody believe that if the jury had had the opportunity to review both the accepted and rejected entries they might not have reversed some of their decisions in both

groups? No jury of supermen—or super-women either—could be as instantaneously infallible as all that. It is not likely that they themselves would claim to be. A careful inspection of the basement to which the "rejects" were relegated would undoubtedly have discovered many examples of unjustified snap condemnation, and a more careful review of the accepted would also have revealed overestimates of merit.

What is the answer? The most obvious one is, more time for the jury's deliberation. This is also the easiest to carry out. There are, however, other serious problems having to do with the general



CREAM AND SUGAR BY DOUGLAS SHANER
Sharing the Mrs. Roy A. Hunt Crafts Prize

ENAMEL BOX BY WALTER F. WEAVER
Association's Crafts Prize



SILVERSMITHING BY FRANCES McCOMB CLAYTER
Vernon-Benshoff Award

JEWELRY BY AGNES BITTAKER
Francis Keating Memorial Award



CERAMICS BY WESLEY A. MILLS
C. Fred Sauereisen Award

BOOKBINDING BY THOMAS W. PATTERSON
Sharing the Mrs. Roy A. Hunt Crafts Prize

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FAWN BY CHARLES BRADLEY WARREN

Johanna K. W. Hailman Prize for Garden Sculpture

question of how the artist is to have his chance to present his work to the public, which the profession as a whole has as yet been unable to solve. The jury system—even with its defects—seems the fairest on the whole, especially where limited space necessitates a limit in numbers. The method which leaves the whole power of selection to the discretion of one man, however capable and catholic, may be perfectly satisfactory to those who are approved by him, but in general seems too autocratic and dictatorial for art, at least in a democracy; and is more open to the danger of all kinds of personal prejudices, than selection by changing juries, where errors due to such biases tend to cancel each other in the long run, and some sort of balance between extremes is achieved.

There remain of course the no-jury shows, open to all comers who pay so much per square foot of wall space to defray expenses.

This is truly the fairest, but it is apt to be scorned by the "arrived" who shrink from contact with the novices in art, struggling to emerge into notice.

Though carefully refraining from any comments on individuals, we may take notice of some general aspects and trends of this exhibition. Most human animals are more or less gregarious, and love to flock together. There is enough of the sheep in most of us to make us ready to follow some bellwether who may really know where he is going, or is merely on the way to anywhere, as long as it is somewhere else. We ought not perhaps to find fault with this gregariousness, which has some value to society.

Certainly without it there would be no fashions. Society would have to adjust its employment problems to much more static conditions. This is merely a preface to our conclusion that in this



DANDELION PICKERS BY MARION LOUISE GRAPER

Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize

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present exhibition there is evidence of a decidedly prevailing fashion. We might call it the fashion of man-scapes. A rough count discloses an overwhelming preponderance of man-scapes—pictures in which man-made forms, such as houses, factories, bridges, and so forth, furnished the dominant interest; as against landscapes in which nature, much less modified by man, is the subject matter. Doubtless this is somewhat due to the urban life of the majority of the painters. Yet the similarity of point of view, the general sameness in the kinds of man-made forms selected, shows that it is primarily a fashion trend. We may wonder what the painters will do when civic improvements, federal housing projects, and the like, have removed the decrepit but picturesque subject matter now so much in vogue. By that time there will doubtless be new fashions to engage the majority.

There is not a single pure abstraction in the whole lot, and very few semi-abstract paintings. We cannot say whether this was due to jury action, or



JOHN LINDSAY BY JANET DE COUX
Society of Sculptors' Prize

to the dearth of entries of that kind. There is not an out-and-out surrealist example, and very few of an imaginative or fantastic nature. Still-life subjects are fairly well represented, and a number of flower pieces. There are only two nudes. Pictures in which the human figure is dominant, including portraits, are here, but not in great numbers. When people are used, they are mostly used incidentally in street scenes, or in interiors, or in dense crowds, with little emphasis on characterization.

The water colors have been divided into two groups. One has a room to itself, and one is interspersed among the pieces of sculpture in the sculpture and crafts room, where they make a good showing. Among the water colors we find man-scapes an almost unanimous choice for subject matter. There is very little else. Houses, especially if not too secure looking, or too newly painted, offer opportunities for careless ease in handling, for smart direct washes, and for a freedom in brushwork, not so easily applied to figures. This spontaneity is a charm which water colors seem to achieve more readily than oils.



TEARS BY BARBARA E. LEVETTE
Association's Sculpture Prize

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These water colors are well worth seeing.

The sculptors have not yet discovered the man-scape; or, if they have, they seem to scorn it as material for their three-dimensional art. We would need only to go to their exhibit to find ourselves entirely out of the prevailing mode, were it not for the water colors found here also. The examples of sculpture show a balance between the more or less naturalistic pieces, which include portraits, and figures—mostly nudes—and the pieces in which abstraction and distortion play their conscious parts. There are one or two examples of an ornamental and fantastic type, and some interesting animal pieces. The craftsmanship displayed by most of the sculptors appears to be of a very good order. Shown in the same room with the sculpture and water colors, are the crafts, which include jewelry, silverware, and carvings, and other hand-made objects. The workmanship is excellent, and will undoubtedly appeal strongly to lovers of unique handicraft.

The black and white section—a small but interesting exhibit—is given half of one of the smaller rooms. Since the pictures themselves—block-prints, lithographs, pencil drawings, and the like—are small, they should of course be inspected at close range.

As a member of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh the writer would like to express publicly the appreciation of its membership for the use of the galleries for this, and for the many previous exhibitions. We are also grateful for the decision of the trustees to keep the galleries open during the evening, thus making a much larger attendance possible.

To the public the Associated Artists say: "Please come to our show. We think you will enjoy its sprightliness, its freshness, its many glimpses of your own city, and its comments on the life around us. We think it is a good show. You are welcome to reject what there is in it of which you do not approve, and to accept what appeals to you."

The dates of the show are February 13 to March 12.

NATURE IN SOAP

ON February 1, at their regular Saturday morning meeting, the boys and girls in the Carnegie Museum Nature Club modeled prehistoric reptiles, birds, and mammals from soap. Each member, equipped with a bar of soap and a knife, chose a specimen from the treasure house of the Carnegie Museum and endeavored to create something similar from his material. The majority of the forty-seven boys and girls who attended the meeting had never done any soap carving before, and they spent an enjoyable morning carving out owls, horses, dogs, and other natural-history subjects. The results were interesting and unique, some of the models being cut out, and some—the horse's head, in particular—done in relief.

The boys and girls in this Museum Nature Club are especially selected eighth-grade students from the Pittsburgh public schools, the selections being made by the nature-study teachers on the basis of interest and knowledge of natural-history subjects. James Kosinski, assistant preparator in the Section of Education at the Museum, is the instructor for this group, which studies natural history and makes frequent visits to the laboratories of the Carnegie Institute to see the scientific work being done there.

SCHEDULE OF SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

MARCH 3 TO MARCH 31

Prints by Georges Rouault.

MARCH 17 TO APRIL 13

Exhibition of Murals, Paintings, and Drawings by Pablo Picasso—Forty Years of His Art.

MARCH 21 TO APRIL 20

Twenty-eighth Annual International Salon of Pictorial Photography.

APRIL 3 TO MAY 4

Nineteenth International Water Color Exhibition Circulated by the Art Institute of Chicago.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE IN TRANSITION

Exhibition of Eighty-one Pieces at the Carnegie Institute

THE background of the present exhibition of American Sculpture at the Carnegie Institute not only may be of interest but also may point a moral. Sculpture is not assembled in exhibitions as much for its own sake as to indicate its worth and value in the embellishment of buildings and gardens and in public monuments which add—or rather, should add—to the beautification of cities. Sculpture, which few people think of as useful, has its greatest value in the decoration and support of architecture or in a monument that recalls an historical event or commemorates the life of a valiant citizen.

If an exhibition such as this one does not lead to an appraisement and an appreciation of the development of American sculpture, to a realization of the sculptural banalities that are so often mentioned as "adorning" our cities, and ultimately to an improvement in public taste, then it is held in vain. Dorothy Grafly writes: "Years of experiment with old-style sculpture competitions that required artists to prepare small models have yielded America a crop of tin soldiers, soldier-equestrians, and portrait statues, which time, in its ruthless passage, tends to render ridiculous."

The exhibition marks the transition that is taking place in American sculp-



BEARS BY PAUL MANSHIP

ture. We are perhaps not as conscious of this as we are of changes in the other arts. That is because we do not see much sculpture, and then, again, when sculpture has been presented to us in the form of a public monument or the decoration of a building, the style of the sculpture in many instances has been modified to meet the approval of those who commissioned it or to lend itself to a type of archi-

ecture that conforms to a traditional order. In an exhibition a sculptor is free to present his work in the fullness of his esthetic conception.

The City of Philadelphia is particularly fortunate in its Ellen Phillips Samuel Memorial. Through the bequest of a generous woman, the income of a fund of some seven hundred thousand dollars is devoted to creating over a period of years a series of sculptured monuments "emblematic of the history of America, and ranging in time from the early settlers to the present era." To bring sculptors to the attention of the Committee of the Ellen Phillips Samuel Memorial on the basis of general ability, two international exhibitions of sculpture have been held at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, one in 1933 and the second one in 1940. It was from the 1940 exhibition that practically all the sculpture now being shown at the

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YOUTH BY WILLIAM ZORLACH

Carnegie Institute was selected. The exhibition at Philadelphia was international in scope and had in it some four hundred and twelve pieces of sculpture. The exhibition at the Carnegie Institute is confined to American sculptors and contains eighty-one pieces of sculpture representing the work of eighty-one sculptors.

The entrance to the exhibition is appropriately flanked by a pair of black panthers in bronze by Wheeler Williams. Set opposite the entrance, on the balcony, is "Bears," by Paul Manship. American sculptors are interested in modeling and carving animals, birds, and marine life, as witness "New-born Deer," by Heinz Warneke; "Charioteer and Horses," by Anna Hyatt Huntington; "Lioness," by Carl Walters; "Irish Mountain Goat," by John B. Flanagan; "Panther," by Bruce Moore; "Defiance," by Albert Laessle; "Great Horned Owl," by Richard H. Recchia; and "Moray and Fish," by Marshall Fredericks. Arranged around the balcony, at intervals marked by the marble pilasters, are such large figures as: "The Pioneer Woman," by Leo Friedlander; "Naomi," by Mitchell Fields; "Chinese Dancer," by Stella Elkins

Hoffman; and Davidson.

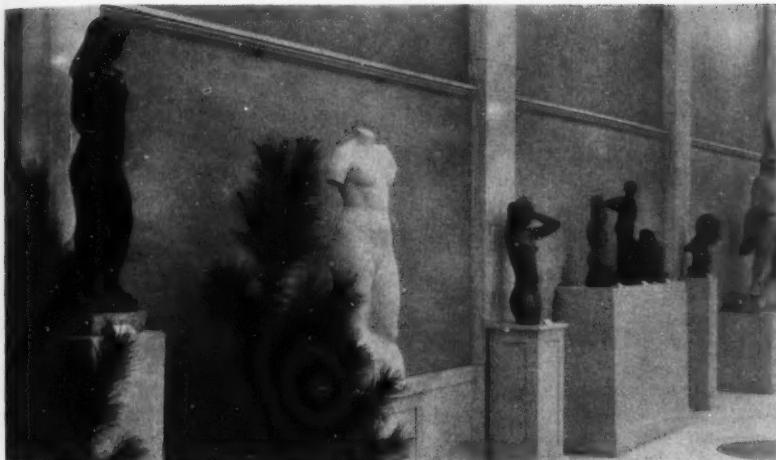
The exhibition is diverse as to forms of expression. We find the classic, the romantic, the realistic, the archaic, and the abstract. The latter form is represented by "Philosopher," by Whar-

Tyler; "Saint Joan," by Hélène Sardeau; "Standing Nude," by Harold Cash; "Youth," by Berta Margoulies; "Josephine," by Peter Dalton; "Saint Francis of Assisi," by Alfeo Faggi; and "Invocation," by Ahron Ben-Shmuel. Placed on pedestals between the larger figures are smaller sculptures such as "The Song of Deborah," by Janet de Coux; "Flame of Life," by Adolphe Dioda; "Ethiopian," by Arthur Lee; "Alone," by Henry Kreis; "Saint Francis of Assisi," by Malvina

"Female Torso," by Jo



THE SONG OF DEBORAH
BY JANET DE COUX



A VIEW OF THE SCULPTURE SHOW

ton Esherick; "Reading Group," by David G. Parsons; and "Dancers," by Aaron J. Goodelman. One of the interesting and encouraging features of the exhibition is the variety of media in which American sculptors are working. They no longer confine themselves to marble and bronze. "Abraham Lincoln," by James House Jr., is very appropriately carved out of white oak; "Defender," by Peter Paul, is cast in chromium plated bronze, making it a fitting decoration for a modern room; "Big Boy," by Amelia Peabody, is cut out of granite, which lends itself to the subject; and "I Walk," by Louise Cross, is worked out of Tennessee marble. American sculptors continue as effective modelers of portraits, as "Katherine Hepburn," by Robert J. McKnight; "Elihu Root," by James Earle Fraser; "Portrait Head," by Gertrude V. Whitney; "George Bellows," by Julian Bowes; "Negro Boy," by Isidore Grossman; "Doris," by Walter Rotan; and "Portrait of a Man," by Jo Jenks, will testify. The only bas-relief in the exhibition is "Southern Delivery of Mail," by Edmond Amateis, a decoration for the Philadelphia Post Office and Federal Court House. That American sculptors are interested in the sub-

ject of labor is evinced by such figures as David Michnick's "Driller," "Steve-dore Head," by Antonio Cortizas; "Workman," by York K. Fischer; and "Organizer," by Nat Werner.

There are many indications in this exhibition of the transition in American sculpture. In the early days our sculptors were influenced by the marbles of Greece and Rome, then by romantic influences, which came to an end with Rodin. Now they are studying the work of the earlier Greeks, the Egyptians, the Orientals, and more recently the expression of Pre-Columbian sculptors—particularly those of the Aztec civilization on our own continent. There are examples of all these influences in the exhibition, but it will be seen that the tendency is decidedly away from Greco-Roman idealism and from romanticism. The direction is toward austerity and simplification of form, toward the elimination of superficial effects, design in terms of broad volume, and monumental character. The direction in American sculpture is definitely away from naturalism and toward symbolism. This symbolism may not be the expression of a universal theme, but it is at least an expression of our own life.

The exhibition closes February 28.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



DAY by day, week by week, month by month, the flow of money continues to come into the Garden of Gold in the great enterprise of raising \$4,000,000 in order to obtain \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York on June 30, 1946, as additional endowment for the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The sums so contributed range from one dollar up to three hundred thousand dollars, and every dollar so bestowed conjures up, under this arrangement, two dollars, so that a one dollar gift really means three dollars, while a \$300,000 gift really means \$900,000.

This is an undertaking which very clearly affects every citizen of Pittsburgh, and beyond Pittsburgh it clearly affects the nation at large, in the element of the most liberal and advanced education for the surging generations who are coming forward as the builders of a new world. Our country is moving more and more to higher standards through the combined power of physics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, the social sciences, and an intellectual expansion gained by a knowledge of history and literature; and the gift of this great sum of \$12,000,000 will surely be achieved through the co-operation of all the people of Pittsburgh.

Since last month's report the Gardener has received further sums showing that the Garden of Gold is like the widow's cruse of oil in the Bible, which was always replenished so as to become inexhaustible. Rachel Boyce Lang, a 1933 graduate in Costume Economics from Margaret Morrison Carnegie College, sends the Gardener a gift of \$50. J. C. Hobbs, an associate trustee in the Tech executive committee, sends a new check—for he has sent others in the past—amounting to \$1,000.

And here are some other contribu-

tions, which have come into the Garden of Gold from the Tech Alumni:

Grace L. Borgerding, Raymond B. Dowden, Louis Fahnestock III, Mary Hull Klaus, and W. W. Slocum have sent in individual contributions to the Alumni Federation that total \$25.85; the War Time Classes Committee—through Walter Blenko—have contributed their gift of \$55.66; and S. M. Siegel has made a gift of \$10 in memory of his classmate of 1908, W. I. Sivitz. Also, the sum of \$223.54 has been contributed to the Endowment by the following alumni: John W. Brumbaugh, Mrs. L. H. Follert, Edward P. Geary, Norma Kimball, Samuel S. Nakles, David T. Owen, Joseph A. Pergar, W. Ward Powell, R. G. Stroud Jr., Paul C. Swiech, Mrs. Charles R. Travis, Gerald H. Terrill, George H. Winslow, Fred C. Ziesenhein, and the Alumni Employees of the Union Switch and Signal Company.

Summing up these contributions to the Carnegie Tech 1946 Endowment Fund acknowledged above—\$50, \$1,000, \$25.85, \$55.66, \$10.00, and \$223.54—and adding them to the total sums recorded in the Garden of Gold for January 1941, brings the total of cash gifts for the work of these institutions during the fourteen years since the inauguration of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE to the following amounts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,311,822.95; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$40,629.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and for its 1946 Endowment Fund, \$1,603,014.32; making a grand total of cash gifts of \$3,186,212.07. There is still \$2,396,985.68 to be raised so that Carnegie Tech can meet the requirements of the Carnegie Corporation of New York in the two-for-one arrangement.

AN ARIZONA CAMP

By ARTHUR C. TWOMEY

Field Collector, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum

In southernmost Arizona, not far from the ancient San Xavier Mission of the Papago Indians, lies my favorite spot for a desert camp. It is beside a mesquite forest—a little forest typical of those strange desert havens that by early April are already sprawling in garments of new green on the banks of the Santa Cruz River. For most of the year the Santa Cruz is only a dry yellow river wash, lending variety to the desert plain of the Indian Reservation, but in early fall there are flash floods that come tumbling down from the mountains into the dry river bed. The mesquites—thorny desert trees—and great shrubs surrounding the river drink deeply then, while they may.

We had arrived at our destination with an outfit of accessories that made us feel well equipped for the hard work that lay before us. The International truck and trailer that brought us to our camp were the generous gifts of George H. Clapp; the oil and gas for a summer of research were contributed by W. L. Mellon; and the food supply for the tour came from Howard Heinz. All this made camping a greater joy than we had ever known. Now, within an airy screened-in room, with inlaid



THE AUTHOR LOOKING FOR
SCREECH-OWL NESTS

by this method suffering no losses.

The time that the trailer saved for us was invaluable. Within fifteen minutes we could be moving to a new locality, gaining innumerable hours that used to be wasted when we had to give half-a-day to each making or breaking of a base camp. The fifteen-gallon water tank of the trailer permitted us to carry an adequate water supply into those arid desert places where living, previously, had been such a problem.

Trailer life has many pleasant advantages over our old cramped life in a tent. The long low window sills and the large built-in drawers made admirable drying and storage spaces for specimens. With six windows, the



MRS. TWOMEY AND MR. TODD AT THE SKINNING TABLE
IN THE SHADE OF THE MESQUITE TREE

trailer room was light all day long and the dining table made a fine laboratory, protected from wind and dust and the swarms of insects that are immediately attracted to an outdoor skinning table.

In favorable weather, however, we still enjoyed working out of doors, and at our camp in the mesquite forest, the outdoor specimen table was always ready to be used if necessary. Standing in a pleasant leaf-tented spot in the deep shade of a drooping mesquite bush, just beyond the trailer door, it was a nice place to stop for a moment's rest in the heat of the afternoon. A square of white canvas tarpaulin, tied at its four corners to the boughs of the tree, was our roof against the more penetrating rays of the sun while we worked. Three canvas chairs stood there always waiting, the boughs above giving us convenient pegs on which to hang our hats.

From the base camp, swift excursions were made possible by the special equipment of our International truck, which could go out over the roadless mesas and across deep washes of loose sand. Having a four-speed transmission, it could climb the steepest mountain roads—even with the trailer attached.

When we arrived, in early April, the

fresh cool air of the young morning already vibrated with the songs of innumerable birds. For, to the vast hosts of animals and birds that throng the solitudes of the great Southwest, the little mesquite forests—however drab and insignificant they may seem to the passer-by—afford havens of retreat and sustenance in a land of burning rocks and blistering sands. The desert pushes

ever threateningly upon the outer edges of green, but within the shadows of those slim boughs and beneath the tents of those low crowded trees there is life and growth everywhere. In spring the fragrance of delicate acacias permeates the atmosphere, and all around these tiny blooms tower great shrubs. Hackberry bushes, with their densely matted crowns, drop deep purple wells of shade upon the sandy forest floor, while here and there rude scars within the sand reveal the dangling tangles of bare root masses, reminders of the mad rush of autumn waters from the distant mountain arroyos that at one time dashed along the now-dry river bed. To snakes, birds, bees, and lizards, especially, belong the mesquite forests. The dreaded thorn, spine, and fang of the cactus plants, as well as Gila monsters and rattlesnakes, are to be met on the hot bare mountains of lava rock and on the burning opens of the sandy desert plains.

On approaching the mesquite forest, I was often greeted by a flock of turkey vultures perched on the highest limb of the largest hackberry, their wings outstretched as though the birds had all been hung upon a drying line; like so

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many giant denizens they stand guard over the mysteries of the green tangles there beneath. Taking alarm, the nearest birds usually struggle into the air, with laborious wing-flapping and hoarse guttural squawks, but many will remain motionless on the limb of the hackberry, gazing down at us with cold, vacant, imperturbable stares.

Within the mesquite forest, a dash of scarlet in the undergrowth catches the eye as an Arizona cardinal dives into the green wall of boughs and leaves. His lusty spring song, as he warns his mate, fairly electrifies the forest. At the cry, another male cardinal answers, as to a challenge, from far off in the distance. At the bottom of an arroyo, which we come upon as we gingerly break our forest path, yellow-breasted chats are skulking, as they think, unseen, in the brown root-tangles of the dry waterbed. There are small cries and the hidden movements of birds everywhere. At easy eye level, the lower branch of a mesquite tree supports a closely knit ball of catclaw twigs. Examining it closely, I discover the hole at one end of the rough little brown sphere. At my rude touch, out pops the owner of this cautious nest, the tiny verdin, with grey body, golden crown, and reddish shoulder patches. Wrenlike in size and actions, the earthen-hued little bird dashes about in the nearby trees on agitated wings, with a loud scolding cry that swiftly brings to the scene his hysterical mate. The air is clamor-

ous. It is a terrific fuss for two insignificant little creatures to make.

Several others of their kind come to join in the racket, and even a Lucy's warbler is amazed almost to silence, stopping his own incessant song to utter a few indignant chirps at us who dare to disturb the avian heaven of this little Arizona jungle. The nest is worth examination, I find. Five tiny white eggs are in the feather-lined sphere, the surrounding hollow ball of catclaw and mesquite twigs protecting the eggs, and later the young ones, from both the chill of the desert night and the blazing heat of the midday sun. Farther along our way a sunspot pierces the close shade of the forest. There in momentary rhapsody the beautiful vermillion flycatcher, a small scarlet bird with ebony-black wings, flies in the openness above the clearing, oscillating his scarlet self against the deep turquoise of the sky. Crest erect, tail outspread, and moving



THE TRUCK COULD CLIMB THE STEEPEST MOUNTAIN ROADS TO CAMPS HIGH IN THE PINE FORESTS



YOUNG SAHUARO SCREECH-OWLS THAT HAVE WANDERED FROM THEIR NESTING HOLE

serenely on stiff, slow-beating wings, he is trilling in harmonious abandon the fine song that is the first of his courtship maneuvers. As the sun climbs, the birds retreat.

By noon, heat and oppression fill even the forest air. The birds and insects are quiet. With the slightest exertion, our clothes become dripping wet. The desert sun is in the full glare of its fiery noonday heat. All creatures rest in the depths of the shade, and many have sought the even temperatures of secret subterranean retreats. It is a long siesta, especially in the hotter months of summer. The mesquite land comes but slowly, and often not until sunset, once more awake.

When the last flame of the burning sun is extinguished beyond the western mountains, and evening has really come, the chattering of an owl sounds from the shadows of a giant cactus. A moment afterward, multifarious voices are sounding far and near along the mountain slopes. The light half-sleepy evening voices are strangely plaintive, the soft chatter of the owl adding a new

and eerie note to the mesquite music. It is the hunting hour, and night has brought a new and wonderful world of great coolness and deep concealing shadows. A black spot, as it were, of feathers, drops with silent wing at my very feet, into the ground tangle of mesquite and catclaw, and there an elf owl yawns after his diurnal slumber, climbs clumsily about and begins to catch the green, black, and red caterpillars that have ventured forth for evening. The elf owl has big wise yellow eyes and a body not much bigger than a sparrow's.

The yellow moon has risen early, and swiftly, brightly, continues its flight. The plaintive elf owl grows quiet after he has eaten well, but as we stand under the naked branches of a paloverde tree, I squeak at him gently. Something soft soon brushes my face, and his two eyes peer into mine. For a moment we examine each other in the moonlight. Then, doubtless alarmed and astonished, the tiny bird of prey has suddenly vanished—meltingly, silently, like a bodiless shadow.

Now the sahuaro forest—



GILA MONSTER

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Carnegiea gigantea—is bathed in a silver glow; a fleecy cloud curtains the moon for a moment as it glides across the star-packed sky. With great upright and twisted arms reaching out as if in supplication, these fantastic, grotesque, incredible shapes of the desert stand like sentinels in bold relief on every side. Other cactus patterns take form; the great bulky barrel cactus, with its fish-hooked spines, leans like a compass to the southeast. Its pulpy inner tissues supply a source of brackish water which, according to novels of the desert, has saved the lives of wanderers whose tongues have swollen and blackened with thirst and heat in the midst of one of Nature's strangest and most beautiful shows. The thirsty travelers may have cut with desperate strokes through the tough covering of the plant, quenching their thirst by the alkaline drops of fluid squeezed from the pulp.

The moon has moved. It is late. I put my hand upon the ground. The sand is still warm. All the night creatures are now abroad and we move cautiously, single file, in the path made by the narrow beam of our flashlights. We wear tough-fibered tight western pants, and thick-soled boots. Something moves near the side of the path and that cold impulsive shiver, so impossible to suppress, runs up my spine as we watch the ugly outline of a rattler recoiling from us with a dry buzz. This noise, as we know, is merely a warning, for he wants only to be left unmolested to hunt his rodent prey, or, failing in that, to kill a few of the birds. He edges glidingly away, soon dropping rhythmically from sight behind a rearing boulder.

A great horned owl is hooting near our camp, as we return before midnight, and the air is cut by the sharp repeated barks of a desert coyote. When a coyote is roaming the mesas, all things wait in frozen fear. A deathlike hush comes to the forest after the coyote's voice has been lifted, not to be broken usually until there is an end

to the wild triumphant outbursts of canine sound. Long moments after, a tiny elf owl may chatter softly to his mate, before silence—that strange, nightly, wakeful, ever waiting silence—comes again to the shadowy mesquite forests and to the moon-lighted desert.

To me, one of the strangest of the mesquiteland birds is the road runner, and one of the strangest of the plants is the jumping cholla. To be on intimate terms with a road runner is far from an easy task. Merely to see one, however, is not difficult. Often, as a motorist drives along the highways of Arizona, he is diverted by a fantastically decorated large grayish brown bird, with a high flaglike mobile crest over his head, and a slim, stiff, ribbonish black tail almost as long as himself, which he waves slowly over his back, as though signaling, up and down, up and down. The bird, like a frightened chicken,



YOUNG ROAD RUNNER IN THE CHOLLA

often dashes directly across the motorist's path and then stops to watch from a safe position at the roadside, his tall crest inquisitively pointed upward, and his waving tail marking a regular rhythm. The road runner, a bird related to our cuckoo, although he does not in the least resemble one, is too well known to southwestern sportsmen to merit more sympathy than a charge of buckshot, for to them he is the notorious thief of quails' eggs. Being much hunted, the bird has become extremely wary of any man moving about on foot, and he will skilfully keep as much distance, boulder, shrub, and cactus between himself and the man as such a creature knowingly can. The summer weather, however, settling over the desert with withering heat, will eventually force him to drink at one of the all-too-few desert water holes. When his young are hatched, he becomes quite bold, and yet he tries my patience as I wait motionless behind a bush for long hours under the full glare of the desert sun to observe and possibly to photograph him as he comes down to drink. His sharp beady eyes detect any new



A SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN CHIEF LOOKS
ACROSS THE DESERT FROM A MESA

object near the drinking place. All evidence should be well hidden, a practical impossibility when the surrounding bushes are nearly devoid of leaves. Sometimes, even though confronted with an unfamiliar object, the road runner's great thirst has driven him to pass quite close to me, but he was always on the alert for a lightning retreat.

One day, while I rested on the desert in the scant shade of a catclaw bush, I noticed a road runner intent upon his hunting. He had spied a big scaly desert lizard, but the lizard had also seen him. The swift road runner did not run. Neither did the lizard. With obvious pretense of walking casually, the bird simply strolled past the rigid lizard, but just at the passing, there was a sudden blur, and in the next instant the road runner was rapping at the big lizard on the ground. With his large prodding bill, the bird was sticking the lizard sharply, and at last he picked up the weakened body and began determinedly



SAHUARO DESERT

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to beat it over and over on the sands. When the lizard was limp and seemed thoroughly dead, the road runner swallowed it, the head first, so that the lizard's long tail still dangled from the corner of the greedy bird's mouth when he finally saw me and darted for cover.

The road runner builds just the sort of shrewd adventurous home that you would think he might. He chooses for his roost the giant jumping cholla, a plant that is alone enough to keep away man, animals, and reptiles, for the spines of the cholla are perhaps the most painful stickers in which a living thing can become entangled. He builds a large ill-constructed nest, about the size of a red-tailed hawk's nest, from dead mesquite twigs and a few choice branches of the deadly cholla. Usually the nest is protected within a spiny tangle some five or six feet from the ground, and there the female road runner eventually rears her gangling and fantastic young. In the cholla plant, the nest is free even from coyotes. If snakes should wriggle toward that place, the cholla spines will

stick between their scales and render the reptiles immovable, bringing on a prolonged and painful death.

From our desert camp, we looked across to the Papago Indian Reservation. These slow, rotund Papago Indians still enjoy the fruits of the desert, although they have acquired some of the civilized tastes of the white man.

There are many legends handed down by these Indians that are in sharp contrast to the usual legends of some of the Southwestern tribes. Typical of these is the legend of the San Xavier Mission. Over two hundred years ago this mission was founded by the Jesuit Fathers, but after repeated Apache raids, the mission was destroyed and abandoned for nearly one hundred years. Then, the Franciscan Fathers re-established the mission, which stands today as one of the finest pieces of architecture of its kind on this continent. For fourteen years Padre Baltazar, its architect, with the help of many willing brown hands, labored under the scorching desert sun until the structure rose before their eyes,



SAN XAVIER MISSION—RIGHT TOWER UNFINISHED

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beautiful and, to them, supernatural—all glistening white on the broad desert valley at the foot of the surrounding mountains. Then Padre Baltazer climbed the ladder to the top of the right-hand tower that was yet unfinished. He was to lay the first brick in its final construction, but as he leaned forward in that motion, the wet mortar loosened, and the priest was plunged headlong to his death upon the flagstones below. The Indians held a council and decided that they would leave the right-hand tower unfinished as a memorial to the good padre who had died just before the realization of his dream.

The Papagos are very faithful to the mission, but, although they are good Christians, they cling to many of their old beliefs, weaving them into special services which they hold in their communal house.

One evening we attended their ceremonies. The Indians congregated on the hill behind the mission, and there, silhouetted against the evening sky, they chanted hymns. The candles which they carried as they filed down the hill to the communal house—a long, low, adobe hut—combined strangely with their bright "very best" store clothes; the women and young girls were conspicuous in long, gaudy dresses—the bucks wore wide-brimmed cowboy hats, high-heeled boots, and bright red, pink, yellow, green, and purple shirts with blue jeans, most of which seemed at least two sizes too snug.

The communal house was divided into two rooms. In the first there were five open fireplaces, and the older women—fat, swarthy, and colorful—were standing before all of these, stirring with huge wooden spoons the contents of the great steaming oiyas, or earthen kettles, filled with savory concoctions. These Indian women were preparing the midnight feast, traditionally furnished by the newly elected council.

The other room, the council room, was decorated with red and white paper streamers and various paper flowers. At the far end was an altar lit with many

candles. The Indians, solemn and silent, squatted or knelt on the floor while the new council participated in the initiation rituals throughout the night.

Meantime, on the sands outside, the young bucks and maidens swiftly shuffled their dusky feet to the swing music of a modern Indian orchestra. It was midnight when the native feast commenced, and somewhat later, with mingled feelings of weariness and awe, we took our way home again to our desert camp in the moonlight.

FREE LECTURES

MUSEUM LECTURES

SUNDAY AT 2:15 P. M.

Lecture Hall

In preparing the lecture program of the Carnegie Museum, it has been the aim of the various staff members taking part to present interesting phases of natural history and geography and, so far as possible, to do this in a nontechnical, informative, and popular manner.

FEBRUARY

23—"Aquatic Mammals," by J. Kenneth Doutt, Curator of Mammalogy (Illustrated).

MARCH

2—"Again Jamaica," by Andrey Avinoff, Director, Carnegie Museum (Illustrated).

DR. BIDWELL'S LENTEN LECTURES

SATURDAY AT 8:15 P. M.

Music Hall

During the Lenten Season, instead of the usual recital programs, Dr. Bidwell will deliver a series of six lectures.

MARCH

1—"The Clavier Works of Johann Sebastian Bach" (Assisted by Dallmeyer Russell, pianist).

8—"Westminster Abbey—the Soul of England" (Illustrated).

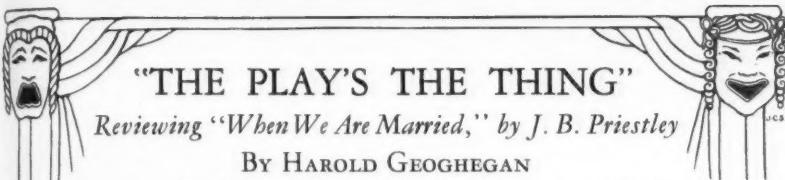
15—"Famous Organists of Westminster Abbey."

22—"St. Paul's Cathedral—the Pride of the Empire" (Illustrated).

29—"Jan Sibelius—A Voice from the North."

APRIL

5—"Shepherd's Pipes—the Story of the Flute" (Assisted by Victor Saudek, flutist).



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "*When We Are Married*," by J. B. Priestley

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



SOME two seasons ago the department of drama gave us J. B. Priestley's fine play, "Time and the Conways." It made us eager to see another play from the same hand, but if anybody expected to find in "*When We Are Married*" another "Time and the Conways," he must have been disappointed. The present work shows us Mr. Priestley in a very flippant mood, and it is frankly not much more than a tolerably amusing farcical comedy.

Three citizens of Clecklewyke, a town in the north of England—Yorkshire, I suppose, as Mr. Priestley seldom strays from his native shire—are celebrating their silver wedding. All three have been married on the same day and by the same minister. In the twenty-five years that have since elapsed, the three grooms have prospered. Joseph Helliwell is now Alderman Helliwell, Albert Parker is now Councilor Parker. Both are pillars of the City Hall and the "chapel." Herbert Soppit, the third, is not of the stuff of which pillars are made, but he has a wife who is and who is not at all averse to demonstrating it. The anniversary dinner is over, and the local press is coming—with photographers—to get a "few words" from the happy couples.

There is, however, a necessary piece of business to be transacted first. The chapel organist must be reproved for conduct unbecoming in an organist—at

least in an organist in Yorkshire in 1910. He has been seen walking with a lady after dark! Why they should have chosen this time to do the reprobation is not quite clear. When he arrives to get his "good talking-to," however, it is not the Councilor who does the talking but the organist. He has discovered by chance that, owing to some omission on the part of the minister or the registrar, the triple marriage of twenty-five years ago was not legal, and that, in consequence, the Alderman and the Councilor and poor 'Erbert are technically still bachelors. The two public pillars are appalled at the prospect of scandal if the facts become known; 'Erbert receives the news with more equanimity. The organist, however, is willing to keep quiet; he holds the whip hand now, and besides the young lady with whom he has taken the walk is the Alderman's niece. Unfortunately, a charwoman, Mrs. Northrop, who has been called in to help with the festivities, overhears the conversation through the keyhole. Being in a condition which in Yorkshire is called "tiddly," through a too-close attention to the Alderman's wine bottles, she refuses to be silent. The consternation of the wives when they hear the news can be imagined. The remainder of the play is concerned with the predicament in which these six respectable people find themselves, the attempts to bribe the charwoman, the indignation of the wives at their husbands' stupidity, and the husbands' blustering attempts to exculpate themselves. In the end, of course, the marriage is found to be legal after all, and everything ends happily, if a little improbably. One does not ask, however, for much probability in a farcical comedy.

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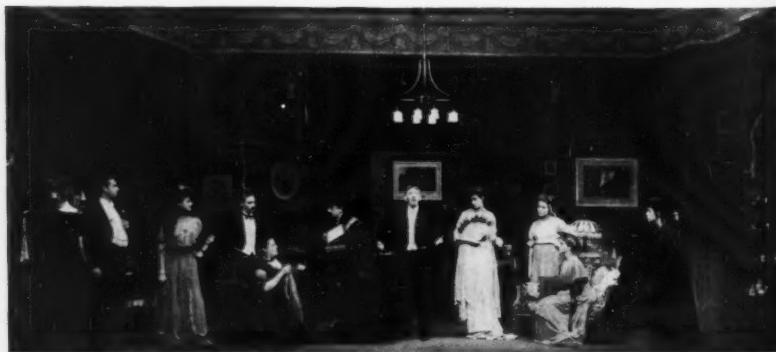
The plot of "When We Are Married" is a pretty mechanical one. Some of the situations are amusing; some are forced and trite—the sort of thing that may be found by the carload in dozens of mid-Victorian farces. The characterization, too, is conventional for the most part, and this we do not expect from such a master of characterization as Mr. Priestley has shown himself to be in his other works. By far the most entertaining and original scenes were those that had nothing to do with the plot. For instance, the lunatic conversation between the press photographer and the little servant Ruby, in the first act; and the scene in the last act in which the same photographer—like the charwoman, a little "tiddly"—and Lottie Grady, the rowdy lady from the wrong side of the tracks, indulge in the most idiotic reminiscences. Both scenes are grand pieces of nonsense.

It is possible that if I had seen "When We Are Married" performed by players who were familiar with the Yorkshire folk and who could reproduce the rich, slow burr of the Yorkshire speech, I might have found the play more entertaining than I did. I even think that I should have liked it better if no attempt at all had been made at dialect, and it had been played in the native accents of the players. But, for no reason that I can fathom, it was performed in a specially shrill and strident brand of

cockney. Surely, of all English dialects, the furthest removed from Yorkshire! And, of course, it was—it could hardly have been otherwise—a synthetic cockney. Such a wealth of dropped and added aspirates, of "lydies" and "bybies" I never heard! Some of the actors were so intent on reproducing a dialect with which they were obviously unfamiliar, that they became, to me at least, quite unintelligible.

The performance on the whole was an uneven one. There was a tendency on the part of nearly everyone to overact. Though there were one or two excellent performances, the majority were considerably less than excellent. The comedy was certainly played with spirit and was never allowed to drop, and the humorous lines were punched with a vigor that I should have preferred moderated. But the audience was undoubtedly pleased and greeted the performance with gales of laughter.

I saw the play on Monday and Thursday nights. The trio of husbands was distinctly better in the first of these performances, the wives perhaps a little better in the second. On Monday night the part of the press photographer, Henry Ormonroyd, was played with a genuine feeling for fantastic comedy. The part itself is more freshly and originally written than the others, but the actor rose to the occasion and gave us as amusing a bit of comic acting as I



STUDENT PLAYERS IN A SCENE FROM PRIESTLEY'S "WHEN WE ARE MARRIED"

lects, shire! hardly cock- and "by- actors dialect y un- me at was an cy on eract. ellent con- The with drop, nched pre- we was d the Thurs- s was se per- little night, rapher, with a medy. origi- at the have us g as I

have seen on this stage for some time. Another excellent performance was that of the sat-upon wife of Councilor Parker. Her contented chuckle, when she finds that she is not married to her Albert after all, was delightful. The henna-haired Lottie, who so surprisingly strays into this bourgeois household, gave a neat sketch of a good-natured vulgarian; and the little servant, Ruby Birtle—although she was frequently inaudible—showed a sense of comedy, as did, in spite of some exaggeration, the Mrs. Northrop. The two parts best played were the photographer and Annie Parker, which were also done best in the Thursday performance. The photographer, played quite differently from the first one, was genuinely funny, though he missed the pleasantly lunatic note of his predecessor.

Alderman Helliwell's cluttered sitting room that forms the setting of all three acts was an amusing evocation of a by-gone period, though it seemed to me to be the America rather than the England of 1910. The ladies wore actual dresses of the period, which were perhaps a trifle elegant for three such matter-of-fact Yorkshire matrons.

ENGINEERING DEFENSE TRAINING COURSES

THE eight courses being given at Carnegie Tech for the Engineering Defense Training program show the following number of students actually registered: Testing and inspection, 144; structural drafting and design, 35; production engineering, 66; production supervision, 60; machine design, 79; elementary machine design, 81; elements of metallurgical engineering (physical) 210; engineering drafting, 490; with a total of 1,165.

Most of the classes run from three to four hours two evenings a week, with a few held on Saturday during the day. The program has been planned this way to accommodate employed men who wish to fit themselves for more responsible assignments.

DEATH OF A TRUSTEE



HOWARD HEINZ

Portrait by Leopold Seyffert

HOWARD HEINZ, who died in the hospital at Philadelphia on February 9, was a trustee of the Carnegie Institute and of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. In spite of the absorbing nature of the business which he inherited from his father, and which he himself spread throughout the world, he was always able and willing to give his time and his thought to the growth of these cultural institutions. He was a member of the Fine Arts Committee and of the Finance Committee, and the work that was thus involved was enormously important in the discussions that occurred from time to time. This was very fortunate, as his taste in art and his judgment in fiscal affairs were always sound and convincing. On his visits to the Carnegie Institute he invariably paused at the window to take a fresh view of the beautiful memorial Heinz Chapel on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh, in the construction of which he made himself a master builder. Socially Mr. Heinz possessed a happy and pervading personality and it was a delight to know him.



"THEY ARE GENTLEMEN!"

THE chivalry of the English character never received a higher tribute of honor than in that exciting moment when the Italian colonists in Africa were preparing to flee from their desert homes in the track of the Italian soldiers who were retreating before the swift advance of the British army. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani raised his hand and brought their agitated flight to a standstill. "Stay right where you are, without fear," he commanded. "The English will do you no harm. They are gentlemen."

On the instant the entire situation was changed. Tranquility took the place of fright, panic yielded to self-control, and the expectation of destruction gave place to the confidence of safety. There was an assurance in that declaration, "They are gentlemen," which dispelled all the personal horrors of war; and the sequel showed that when the British conquerors arrived they fraternized immediately with the Italian settlers, and life moved on with no civic consciousness of a changed government.

And how true the statement is! There are perhaps some dark pages in the moving story of the spread of the British Empire, as in all existing countries, our own included. But from the earliest British records, reaching as they do into the obscure history of Saxon England, the student cannot fail to find a determined and persistent principle of the liberty of movement and freedom from

abuse, regnant in the soul of chivalry, that was granted by the public opinion of England, then and now, to the whole mass of mankind. The development of this principle of altruism in the British army and navy was nothing more than the demonstration of its existence in the individuals composing the army and navy; and when occasion arose for the exercise of magnanimous conduct against selfish gain, the ancient sense of chivalry prevailed; and we find in the record of English kings and princes, knights and commoners, and all others in that enchanted isle, a sense of service for the sake of service which found its acknowledgment the other day in Marshal Graziani's assurance to all Italians in need of protection: "The English will do you no harm. They are gentlemen."

THE TRUE BASIS OF CRITICISM

NORWOOD MACGILVARY has made a stimulating contribution to the art of criticism in what he has to say in another part of *THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* concerning the 1941 exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. He seems to take the position—astounding in its cleverness and truth—that any intelligent man can go to an art show at the Carnegie Institute, or elsewhere, study the pictures, and arrive at conclusions on the question of their merits which will be as sound, as sensible, and as worthy of respect as those of professional critics, prize givers, connois-

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seurs, collectors, or dealers. Truly, we are in an age of revolutions.

It is a great light which Mr. MacGilvary has seen in writing his review of this notable exhibition. If we read it correctly, he is saying that the people who have painted these pictures, and those citizens of Pittsburgh who come to see them, are, each class in its own way, as competent to enjoy the show discriminatingly, and give a reason for their faith, as are the judges who have admitted the pictures and awarded the prizes.

As Mr. MacGilvary finds this deep truth of real criticism existing on the subject of painting, so we believe that other seekers could find it at the basis of music, poetry, futuristic painting, and the drama. The Tired Business Man, as an institution, has been bludgeoned with the stigma that "he doesn't know" until he has given up all thought of acquiring a knowledge of art and is content to abide at home, leaving the esthetic life in the hands of his wife, who does know. Meanwhile, some of the critics—especially those who can never learn—build up their false standards, always looking, in music, for cacophony; in poetry, for the deep dark reach at nothing; and in painting, for the elaborate abstraction of the abstract. In the drama they have seized the power to say that a play, possibly boring to them but somehow seeming to entertain the whole audience, shall forfeit its hope, cancel its investment, close its doors, and throw its aspiring actors out of work. And this evil end the critic accomplishes with that arrogance of manner and positiveness of language which a German general might employ in establishing his authority in a conquered café on the sidewalks of Paris.

In tearing away the sacrosanct power of formal criticism in the judgment of art, Mr. MacGilvary is freeing everywhere, against its own vocal timidity and humble acceptance, the intelligent mind of the true lover of art, and bestowing upon it the natural right to judge for itself.

THE RETURN OF L'AIGLON

At a time when the children of Israel were captive to the Philistines, Samson, the Israelitish leader, slew with his naked hands a lion, within whose dead body he later found a swarm of bees, and gathered much honey from them. Thence came his famous riddle to the Philistines, in modern language, thus: "Out of ferocious strength cometh what sweetness?" And they could not guess it. Thirty young Philistines had wagered Samson thirty suits of clothes that he could not stump them with his enigmas. He gave them this one, and their failure to guess it, and Samson's insistence on collecting the bets, cost him his hair, his eyesight, and his life.

To conquered France there came sweetness from ferocious strength, which needed no guessing. This was the act of German magnanimity in sending home to Paris from Vienna the body of Napoleon II, King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt. The great Napoleon, because he could not have an heir from Josephine, divorced her and married the Austrian princess, Marie Louise, and from that union came this child, the son of the Eagle, L'Aiglon.

To Josephine, always his intimate correspondent, Napoleon wrote: "My boy is big and very well. I hope he will have good fortune. He has my chest, my mouth, and my eyes. I hope that he will accomplish his destiny." Again, he said: "I envy that boy. He has only to extend an arm, and the world is his." And yet Elba was only three years ahead, Waterloo only four years ahead. After Waterloo, with Napoleon on the Bellerophon bound for a life imprisonment at St. Helena, the Austrian-born empress, fleeing from France, regained the shelter of Vienna, with L'Aiglon in her arms.

And there, French to his heart's core, hating everybody and hated by all, his mother the most heartless of his foes, he lived a bitter life, reaching twenty-one years, and dying of tuberculosis in 1832, eleven years after his father's death at

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St. Helena. The boy prince was buried near some seventy relatives in the crypt of the Church of the Capuchin at Vienna, where a few years ago we saw their coffins assembled in the aloofness of royal mortality.

But someone told Hitler that the French are an emotional people. What could move them more deeply, in their hour of affliction, than to restore to their keeping one who stood as Napoleon II in the imperial hierarchy of France? A few nights ago a special train drew to a stop at Paris, and in the gloom and silence of the night a mortuary car brought L'Aiglon to the Hotel des Invalides, where he was soon laid beside his father in that glorious tomb; and if the spirit land brings into intercourse those who should have known and loved each other in this world, the Eagle and the Eaglet must have rejoiced together in that hour of earthly union. A moment of sweetness had come from ferocious strength. But, back of the episode, despite its formal amiability, there was the deep consciousness of a great nation fallen in tragedy and ruin, and vassalage and death. No friendly pressure of the foe's iron glove could sink that shame of conquest into oblivion.

The wise learn many things from their enemies.
—ARISTOPHANES

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